

Prince ^K EUGENE

NOT THE

M A N

You took him for :

OR, A

MERRY TALE

OF A

Modern Heroe.

Quis Furor O Cives! Quæ tanta Licentia ferri!

L O N D O N

Printed : and Sold by J. Baker, at the Black-
Boy in Peter-Noster-Row, 1712.

[Price Six Pence.]

THE ENGINE

NOT THE

M. A. M.

You look him for

of a

MERLETTA

to

Modern History

This is a new edition of the

LONDON

Printed and sold by J. Baker, at the Black
Lion in St. Paul's Church-yard, 1712.

[Price 2s. 6d.]



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Prince EUGENE

NOT THE

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You took him for, &c.

CHAP. I.

From whence the Author had his Accounts of Prince Bonenetto; with some of his Mother Heccat's Predictions.



THE strange Notions the World hath conceiv'd of that famous Prince Bonenetto, and the various Reports that is made of him, the strange Description of his Person, and the more unaccountable one of his Actions, with some other Occurrences at this Time remarkable, gives Birth to these Memoirs.

The following Relation is a curious Collection of the Exploits, Actions, and Humours of him and his Family, that I Collected in my Travels; Part of which I learn'd in *France*, from a Gentleman that was well acquainted with him before his Retirement from thence; Part of them in *Italy*, from a Lady that was Bedevil'd by his Mother, and the Son of one whose Father fell a Sacrifice to her Art; Part from *Germany*, from the Secretary of the *Turkish Chiaux*; and something I learn'd here, from a famous *Dispensary Doctor*.

If the Reader expects I should derive his Pedigree from the Loins of Kings and Princes, he will find himself disappointed of his Expectations; for tho' I was something inquisitive to know the Original of his Descent, I cou'd be no farther inform'd, than that he was the Son of an Old Woman, of whom they told divers Stories, which you may find as followeth.

His Mother's Name was *Heccat*; as for a Father, I could not learn that he had any; she liv'd some Time in *France*, and when she was banished thence, in *Italy*: In both which Places she committed several Pranks, for she was the most reputed Sorceress of any in *France*, since *Joan of Arch's* Time, and in which Place, it is said, she was the Death of no less than Thirty six Persons of both Sexes, the Suspicion of which was the Cause of her Banishment thence. She was very mischievous, and held a constant Correspondence

Correspondence with those that were so, particularly in *Lapland, Finland, &c.* In going to which Places, she became acquainted with Mother *Haggy*, of Old *Verulum* in *Albania*, one who was as eminent for her Exploits there, as this our *Heccat* was in *France*, which Place she furnish'd not with many less Prophecies than Mother *Shipton*; amongst the rest, she foretold her untimely Delivery in these following Verses;

*The Brat that is in my Body,
Shall be Master of the Sword;
And th' Untimeliness of his Birth
Will be occasion'd by a ———.*

Which Prophecy you will see verified in the third Chapter of this Book.

She also foretold the Mischief that should be done to *France* by her Off-spring, in Revenge of the Disgrace offer'd to her, in these Words;

*The Time shall come, when France shall feel
Great Woes and great Calamity;
My Brat shall make that Crown to reel,
In Revenge of what it did to me.*

How well this Prophecy hath been fulfill'd, Time has already discover'd, for it was to come to pass in the Year 1709, in which Year was the Treaty of *Gertruydenbergh*, when *France* was brought to that Extremity to have accepted Peace on any Terms;

Terms; but the Power of those, whose Interest it was to perpetuate the War, prevail'd; which she likewise foretold in these Lines;

*The Men of Blood their Point shall gain,
And Peaceful Days prevent;
To fill their Bags was their Design,
And Bloodshed their Intent.*

I doubt not but the Reader will conclude with me from hence, that these Lines hath been as truly verified as the former; for I believe that there hath not been so much Blood shed in any Four Years since this War, as has been in these last, since the Treaty of Gertruydenbergh; however, she foretold, that those Men should at last loose their Aims, and be succeeded by others of different Disposition, as follows;

*When M and D with two C's shall be
Joyn'd together with an X,
The Time will come of these Men's Doom,
And then for Currit Lex.
For all the Gold, which most Men hold
To be of Power Immortal,
It shall not save the Bloody Knave,
Which Haggy and I did foretell;
Their Power shall cease, and there shall be Peace,
And Albania then shall flourish,
And France brought low, to her shall bow,
And British Interest flourish;*

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But the Belgick Hogs, in nasty Bogs,
No more the French Crown threaten,
For in July, MDCCXII,
They shall be soundly beaten.

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I think there is no great Myſtery in Explaining theſe Verſes, for it is obvious enough that MDCCX ſtands for 1710, in which Year the Empreſs of *Albania* broke the Power of thoſe *Tyrannick Lords*, by Placing in their rooms Men that deſpis'd their Intereſt in Competition of the publick Good, and delighted not in *War*, nor in Shedding of innocent Blood.

The Senate of *Albania* then alſo took into Conſideration the enormous Practices of thoſe cruel minded Men, and having cenſur'd them as Blood-Suckers and Enemies to their Country, they order'd the *Procurator* to proſecute them according to Law, in Order to their Receiving of Condign Punishment, which ſeems to be the natural Meaning of the Words *Currit Lex*: (And if they have not yet ſuffer'd according to their Deſerts, there is no Time By-paſt, for though *Juſtice* has *Leaden Wings*, yet ſhe has *Iron Hands*.) And *Heccat* appears to have had a clearer Foreſight of this than of any Thing elſe, for ſhe ſays, That the Idol Gold ſhall not ſecure that *Knave* which Mother *Haggy*, as well as herſelf, had prophesied of.

Peace,
y,
But

I remember I read ſomething of a Prophecy of Mother *Haggy's*, that referr'd to her Son-in-law, which muſt undoubtedly be the ſame

same Person that Old *Heccat* here means. She tells you in the next Lines, That *France* shall submit to *Albania*, which is manifest enough in her Monarch's referring himself to that Empress's Generosity, and as a Specimen whereof, by Yielding to her the impregnable Fortrefs of *Ecclesdon*. But she says, *Belgia*, for all its ambitious Prospects of Subduing that Monarch, or her Intentions of bringing him to the Lure of those pitiful *Water-Rats*, shall find themselves mistaken and instead of Dominion and Conquests which they aspire to, be soundly beaten in the Year 1712. How far this has hit, Time I think has made manifest in the late Defeat which, indeed, was a Bloody Battle, and undoubtedly what was here mean'd.

C H A P. II.

The Quarrel betwixt Old Heccat and Mother Haggy; and of their Reconciliation: With some other remarkable Passages between them.

OLD *Heccat*, after her Banishment from *France*, went into *Italy*, where she was in Hopes of being retir'd from the Clamours that still pursued her in *France*; but her Fame having reach'd *Italy*, long before her Arrival, she soon found herself discover'd; upon this she

she fail'd not to practice her Art as openly
 there as she had done before in *France*, tho'
 with less Mischief, as fearing the Laws of
 that Country should be too powerful for all
 her Sorcery. She there contracted a Cor-
 respondence in *Lapland*, by means of an *Ita-
 lian Conjuror*, who gave her a Recommenda-
 tion thither : In Order to make use of which
 she prepares herself with an *Ostrich* Shell,
 and having first contracted her Body into a
 Size suitable for such a Vehicle (by the Use
 of a certain *Necromantick* Ointment) she
 commits herself to the Mercy of the Waves,
 and steers, by the Help of a Rudder stuck
 in her Tail, towards *Lapland*; when having
 scarce sailed Fifty Leagues, but she meets
 in the like Vessel her Old Friend *Haggy*,
 who not Brooking the slight Notice that
Heccat took of her in Passing-by, and being
 of a superiour Genius, and withal confound-
 edly ambitious, she resolv'd, by all the
 greater Power of her Art, to be revenged of
 her : In Order to which, she causes the Winds
 to blow, the Skies to darken, and the Seas
 to swell, and raises such a Hurrican that
Heccat had much ado to save herself from
 Drowning, and keep the Poize of her little
 Vessel, but being at last tost and tumbled
 about, till she was forc'd to disimbogue her
 Ventricle, and finding the Danger too great
 to surmount, with all her Skill and Resolu-
 tion, she strikes to Mother *Haggy*, and asks
 her Pardon, which, together with her Pro-
 mise to attend her into *Albania*, and be her

Gossip, was the Means of their Reconciliation, accordingly she alter'd her Course, and steers after *Haggy* towards *Verulum*, where, by the Way, they diverted themselves with Tormenting others.

At their Arrival near a Village not far from *Verulum*, *Haggy* told *Heccat*, That there was a certain *Housewife* in that Place which did usually play the little Pranks of Cuck-Cuckolding her Husband; and that she was at that Moment in Bed with her Gallant. *Heccat*, being minded of a Frolick, to entertain themselves, resolv'd to detect, in some comical manner, the Fact, which she did, by causing, as the Man was giving the Chamber-Pot to the Woman, and she receiving it, that both their Hands should stick so fast to the *Member-Mug*, that they cou'd not, for their Lives, get loose from it; after some struggling the good Woman at last resolves to call her Maid, and desire her Assistance and Secresy, the Wench Promised her Endeavours, but no sooner had she touched the Pot, in order to take it from them, but she was in the same Condition: Having, in vain, tired themselves with Strugling to seperate, the deluded Woman began to think at first it was a Judgment upon her for the Sin she had committed; but upon second Thoughts she believed the Devil owed her a Grudge, or that this was *Witchcraft*. In either of which, says she, the *Parson* of the Parish can help us in. But how should they do to go so far, she in her Shift *only*, and he in his Shirt, for their
Hands

Hands being fast they could not put on any Cloaths, and to stay at Home, and let her Husband catch her in that Condition, he wou'd Murder her, so at last they resolve upon the Parson, and without either Stockings, Shoe's or Cloaths, they began to March, and had scarce walked two Fields but they saw a poor Man a Ditching hard by the Stile they must Necessitively go over, who you may Imagine was not a little surprized to see three People, two of them naked, hugging a Pifs-pot. After he had diverted himself sometime with Laughing at the Fancy, he accosts them in this minner.

Master, say's he, it is very cold Windy Weather, therefore I much wonder you should come out after this manner, especially considering what a great Hole you have in the hind Flap of your Shirt; however I will do you so much Kindness as to patch it up: So takes his Shovel full of Dirt and claps it to the Man's Backside, which was no sooner done but the Shovel Stuck as fast to the Man's Buttocks, and his Hands to the Shovel, as before the Maid's had done to the Pifs-pot.

In this manner the Poor man was forc'd to leave his Ditch, change his Notes, and follow them to the Parson's, Swearing and Cursing at them all the while, as so many Mischievous Devils for spoiling his Day's Work.

When they had got to the Parson's they were rudely accosted by the Mastiff-Dog, who Snarling, and at last Snaping at the Ditching-

Man's Back-side, his Nose Stuck as fast to that as his Shovel had just before done to the Former's. It was rare Diversion to *Haccat* and *Haggy* to see all this, and it would have puzzled one to tell whether the Cries of the Man or Dog, was louder. It alarmed all the *Parson's* House, who hearing the Noise, ran to the Windows to see the Sport, and *Haccat*, too eagerly pursuing her Game, (thinking to make the *Parson* an Accessory) Tumbled over two Straws that laid a cross, which dissolved the Charm, and set the People and Dog at Liberty.

After this Manner they diverted themselves till they came to *Verulum*, where they were no sooner arrived, but *Haggy* was delivered of a Daughter, to whom *Heccat* was Gossip; the most material Transactions at the Birth, as of the High-Crown'd Hat being Metamorphosed into a Cornet, and the Predictions thereupon being related in the *St. Albans Ghost*, I shall not here mention it, only what was spoken by *Old-Heccat*, and what is there omitted;

I.

*The Red-bair'd Girl that is here born,
Shall Fortune in her Garter lead,
And her Spouse shall be
As lucky as she,
'Till he's arraign'd for Stealing of Bread.*

The

2.

*The first of his Race shall begin,
 By means of his lovely Sister;
 But it better had been
 That he her ne'er had seen,
 Or that the K—g ne'er had Kiss'd her.*

3.

*This Prince shall him first advance,
 And to him his Councils disclose;
 But he, in Requital,
 Shall cunningly Bite all,
 And deliver him to his Foes.*

4.

*To Wull'y he shall be in favour,
 Who to him more Honours shall give;
 But since Birds of a Feather
 Will still Flock together,
 No wonder he does not him deceive.*

5.

*In the next Reign he still shall be Great,
 And Trumpets aloud sound his Fame,
 Oh then mind the Strife,
 A General for Life,
 But the Heroe is baulk'd of his Aim:*

The

He

*He Storms with great Rage at the loss,
 And vow's a Poor Parson to wrack;
 But the Power of the Word
 Out Parry's the Sword,
 And throws the D——e flat on his Back.*

Nothing was ever more truly fulfilled, in all its Particulars, then what is here related; and it is as probable that his Exit shall happen according to her Predictions, as that of his Rise already has: A little Time and Patience will soon discover the Validity of the one, as it has already done the other.

I will not detain my Reader any longer on the Transactions at *Verulum*, but leave that Place as properly belonging to Mother *Haggy*, and return to *Italy*, where *Heccat's* Arrival soon was known in the Neighbourhood, by the accustomed Salute of the Grunting of the Pigs, bellowing of the Cattle, and Hooting of the *Screech-Owls*, all which seem'd either to Congratulate, or Condole her Arrival.

C H A P. III.

Of the untimely Birth of Prince Bonetto, with a Relation of some of his Exploits.

IT was not long after her Arrival in Italy, before she was visited by all those of her own Society, who came to Congratulate her Return; and not only those, but others also, whose Misfortunes sent them to her to seek Relief, by discovering to them the Authors.

At this she was most excellent; and tho' she did much Mischief, this made in some measure an Atonement. There was also abundance of Women, of all sorts, who came to her, some to know who they should have for their Husbands; what they shou'd be, when they should be marry'd, and how many Children they shou'd have: There came also Widows, hidden under their Vails, to have an Explanation of their Dreams, the Signification of their Moles; and to know when it was proper to undertake an Enterprize: Neither did the Wives omit coming; the Barren to know what was good for Conception; others, what Trades were best to put their Children to; (of these the least) and some to know when they shou'd be delivered

delivered of their Drunken Husbands; all which she answered to there Mutual Satisfaction.

I must beg my Reader's Pardon for having deviated from my Design, (which is to convict the mistaken Notions the World hath conceived of this famous Man here mention'd) by dwelling too long upon the Humours and Exploits of his Mother, but I will now make some Amends, by returning directly to my proper Subject, and shall begin first with the relation of his untimely Birth.

Heccat designing one Night to visit her Friends at their Nightly Meeting, bestrides her Broomstick, (which was always her Horse upon such Occasions) and immediately wafts herself into the Air; but she had not gone far before she had Occasion to ease Nature, which happen'd to be when she was over a famous Town in *Switzerland*, upon a Chimney of that Place she descends, in Order to make Use of it as a Close-Stool, but the Maid of that House being in the Garret, and hearing, as she thought, a Noise upon the Tiles, thinking it had been Thieves, up she runs to make fast the Door of the Leads, but upon a Chimney opposite to the same she sees a bare Back-side turn'd towards her, upon which she immediately alters her Resolution, and (being a Courageous Girl) catches up a Pairing-shovel which happened to stand by, and having well poised it, *Faith have at thy bare Buttocks*, quoth she, the Force of

of which Blow, with *Heccat's* Springing up
 to prevent her Redoubling it, occasion'd the
 timely Delivery of that Prince, who fell
 tumbling down the Chimney into the
 kitchen, where the Servants were Parching of
 Peas, you may be sure the Fall of him a little
 surpriz'd them (and occasion'd the Cook-Maid
 to do that which was ever afterwards a Re-
 proach to her) but that being a little over, they
 adventured to take him up, (and to confirm
 you of what is here related, those that know
 him, will tell you, that to this Day he retains
 some of the Qualities of the *Parched Peas* as
 well as the Marks of the Soot.) By this
 Time the Maid was come down from the
 Leads, and told them of what had happen'd
 above, and how that she believ'd that what
 was upon the Chimney must certainly have
 broken its Neck, for she gave it such a Stroak
 as sent it from thence with a *Vengeance*, they
 all went out to see if it was so as she believ'd,
 but they neither see any Body, nor any
 Symptoms of any one's Fall; from thence
 they concluded that it must be a *Witch* who
 was Carrying that Child to the Devil, and
 they were farther confirmed in the Belief
 thereof by the following Accident.

After the Hurry was over, they began to
 think of taking some Care of the Child, but
 it was too late to speak with the Parish
 Officers, therefore they resolv'd to Nurse it
 as well as they could themselves till Morn-
 ing, when they should charge the Parish
 with it as a *Foundling*: Every one contri-

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buted to the present Exigency according to their Abilities; one lent her Apron for to make it a Shirt; another her Flannel Petticoat to make it a Blanket; the Buttlér spar'd some of his Napkins to make it Clouts; and the Scullion a *Pudding-Bag* for a Cap; but in regard the Cook-Maid contributed nothing, she was to be Nurse: It happen'd that they found an old Cradle in the House, in which the Nurse laid the Child, and carry'd it up in that to her Bed-Side; she had not slept two Hours before she heard a Noise, which awak'd her, and thinking it might have been the Child which cryed, put forth her Hand in Order to quiet it by Rocking the Cradle, but, to her great Surprise, out jumps a great black Cat with the Child in its Mouth, and runs with it up the Chimney, the Cook-Maid holding fast the Cradle and the Child's Blankets hanging on some Part thereof, drew both the Cradle and Nurse after it, and up some Part of the Chimney, but the Blankets then loosing, let the Cradle and her drop.

You may be sure this was no less a Surprise to the Maid than the Former, (but having evacuated her Body before, there was not so much Symptoms) she immediately alarm'd the House with what had happen'd, who rose out of their Beds to see if the Devil was upon the Leads, or had left the Child there, but they could discover nothing; they then descends and looks in all the Chambers, Closets, Nookes and Corners to

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see if it had left any of its Comrades behind, tho' to no Purpose; at last they heard a Mewing in the Kitchen, thither they ran (being arm'd with Spits, Broomsticks, Pokers, and Mop sticks) to make sure Work of what they should find when they came there they saw their own three Cats *Purring* over the Cynders, and a *Dutch Mastiff* asleep in a Chair, however they began now to think that all Cats were *Witches*, and that these held a Correspondence with that which ran up the Chimney, and from henceforth they resolv'd to spare no Cats that were in their Power, so about them they lays with their Weapons, the Cats squawl, and they worse, one of them leap'd against the Glafs and broke thro' the Window, which confirm'd them that that was a Witch, the other two was sacrificed to their Resentments, they then began to consult about the Dog, they alledg'd his Head was something uncommon, and it was highly probable that he might be the Devil, or a *Lapland Witch*, turn'd into a *Dutch Mastiff*; the Buttlér pleaded in his Behalf, and would have almost engag'd for his Honesty, but the Scullion was much enrag'd at the Loss of her *Pudding-Bag*, as well as the Chamber-Maid for her Flannel Petticoats, therefore, with the Poker, she dispatches the Dispute, by Beating his Brains out.

Thus you see his unaccountable as well as untimely Birth, and though we have lost him

him at present, we shall find him in the next Chapter.

There is some few Lines that I found which, by the Stile and Matter, must be of *Heccat's* Composing, and I think properly belongs to this Chapter, therefore have inserted them as follows:

*The Linsey Woolsey Apron,
Wherewith he was begirt,
Shall metamorphos'd be
Into a Holland Shirt:
And the nasty greasy Pudding-Bag,
Which on his Head was set,
Shall be as strangely turn'd
Into a Coronet.
As for the Flannel Petticoats
In which he shall be lay'd,
Into most Princely Robes
Shall also be display'd.
But then as to the Napkins,
Which pertain'd to Buttlers Will,
They shan't be chang'd at all,
But shall be Napkins still.*

C H A P. IV.

*His Youthful Exploits, and Banishment
from France.*

AFTER his Mother had, by the aforesaid Means, rescued him from the Cook-Maid, she put him out to Nurse about Thir-

ty

ty Miles off in the same Country; and to whom should it be but to the aforesaid Maid's Mother, who liking the Price that was propos'd, did not stand to ask Questions about the Child. It happen'd not long after that her Daughter came Home, being frighten'd at the Disaster that had befallen the *Scullion*, upon whom *Heccat* had reveng'd the Injuries that was done to the two Cats, (by Causing her to vomit Pins and Needles, and Tormenting her in such a cruel Manner, that they began to despair of her Life.) The Daughter one Time looking well at the Child, began to think that it had some Resemblance to that to which she was heretofore Nurse, so began to question the Mother how she came by it, who answer'd, That it was brought by a Gentlewoman who paid her very handsomely for the Nursing of it; but they was soon after convinc'd of what the Daughter had before suspected; for one Time thinking she heard the Child cry, and running to quiet it, she there sees the Cradle in the Midst of the Room rocking of itself without any one's Assistance, she immediately runs and acquaints the Daughter, which she had no sooner done, but in comes *Heccat* to see her Child; they tell her of the Accident, and earnestly intreat her to take it away: *Heccat* smiles at their Fears, pays them their Money, and releases them of it.

After this, she takes her Child Home to Nurse it herself, whose Forwardness gave her encouraging Hopes of his future Greatness,

ness, for he could both Speak and Walk at six Months; and before he was Three Years old he was almost as wicked as herself; she began then to think of giving him some Education: In Order thereto, she sends him to a very eminent School in *France*; but he was as backward in Learning as he was forward in Mischief; he never fail'd of Sowing Divisions amongst the Boys, and of setting them a Fighting, and he was excellent at that himself, as well as Football, Wrestling, and Cudgels, he could kick, cuff, call Son-of-a-Whore, or do any Thing; the Mischief he did, caus'd an universal Complaint against him, so that at last he was expelled the School, without Profiting in his Learning. This was no small Grief to his Mother; however, she resolv'd to try another School, in Hopes that as he was now sensible of the Disgrace he receiv'd at the last, he would take Care to prevent the like at the next. But no sooner was he arriv'd there but he began to pursue his old Practices, he would pick the Locks of the other Boys Trunks, (especially those whom he had a Spight against) and dress himself in their Cloaths, and then steal privately out of the House, in Order to rob Orchards, or do other Mischief; (for there was nothing of that Sport came amiss to him) he would not only rob their Orchards and Gardens, but he would pull their Geese, kill their Poultry, hang their Dogs, shoot their Cats, and break their Windows; after which, he would conveigh himself

himself privately Home, unstrip himself, and put the Cloaths in their former Places.

If any one had seen him Acting of these Exploits, and came to accuse him, he was always acquitted because he had no Cloaths of such a Colour, or laced after such a Manner, as the Person that did the Mischief was described to be in, so it consequently must be such a Boy, (whose Cloaths our Young Heroe had on) and therefore the poor innocent Boy was chastised for *Signior Bonenetto's* Faults, (for that was our Young Heroe's Name) because the Author deceived them by such wile Tricks as aforesaid.

After this manner did he divert himself for some Time; but his Dullness in Learning made his Master curious to know whether it was natural, or only proceeded from Negligence, he therefore order'd a Spy over him to prey into all his Actions, who, pursuing his Orders, one Day see through the Key-hole of the Door *Signior Bonenetto* Picking a Boy's Trunk, and afterwards dress himself in the Boy's Cloaths, he immediately discover'd it, so *Signior* was apprehended by the Master in the same Habit, who, after severely Correcting him, made him confess the aforesaid Facts.

The Disgrace that ensued made him run away from the School, and betake himself to Raking about, but as the Army, Sea, and Gallows refuseth none, *Heccat* (having good Friends, by the Assistance of them) got him into the First, wherein he was made a Captain

tain in one of the Regiments of the *French* King's Guards, he behav'd himself in that Post in the most Dissolute and Debauched Manner imaginable; then it was that he first turn'd *Mobock*, and instituted that Diabolical Society; but the *French* Court, not Brooking such savage Customs, together with some other nasty Exploits, occasion'd his being broke and banished from thence.

My Author told me he saw him once, (at a Village hard by *Paris*) as he was going by a Farmer's Door, where the Farmer himself was Sitting upon a Bench, Eating of Milk-Pottage, blow his Nose into the Farmer's Dish, and when he had so done, drew his Sword, held it against his Breast, and swore he would stab him if he did not immediately Eat the Snot that was therein, the poor Fellow was forc'd to comply, tho' his Stomach could not, after that he met a Woman behind a Man on Horseback, both which he made to alight, and then by the same Violence he used to the Farmer, he made the Woman loose the Man's Breeches, and kiss his Back-Side at the same Time that he made the Man kiss the Horse's, and after that he caused the Man to set the Woman upon her Head, and stick that Part full of Nettles which Modesty will not permit me to mention: These and such like was the Exploits for which he was worthily banished *France*, to which Place he has ever since retain'd a Mortal Hatred.

C H A P.

C H A P. V.

*Relation of his several Adventures
after his Banishment.*

AFTER his Banishment from *France* he went to *Italy*, where he stay'd not long; for hearing that the *Germans* and *French* was going to War, he thought he had now a proper Opportunity to Revenge himself against the *French*, for the Indignity that he conceiv'd they had done him; he therefore goes to the Emperor, and offers his Service, who knowing him to be enrag'd against the *French*, and a forward Soldier, accepts of it, and makes him a Collonel (he Indeed had done him some Service before as a Volunteer against the *Turks*.)

You may be sure he was not a little pleas'd with the new Commission, by Virtue of which he was immediately sent into *Italy*, to act against the *French*; where he behaved himself with that Courage, as rais'd both his Character and Commission; he was therefore made a General, and Commander in chief of the Emperor's Army; and though he had not then that Success he desir'd, it was rather owing to the Superiour Numbers of his Enemy's Troops than any Neglect of his Duty, whereby he was reduced to great Straights.

His Master finding his Power cou'd not prevail

prevail, thought fit to make use of his Policy and having found a proper Tool (one of the same War-like Disposition of his General but far more Ambitions and Cunning) easily Inclines him (being prompted by his own Avarice and Pride) to attempt to dispossess his Father of his Estate, Life, and Dignity, which he told him might easily be done, being assisted with such a Number of *Malecontents*, as had promised him to Joyn him, he experiences the Matter, and finds it to exceed even his Wishes: For having Deposed his Father, (who saved his Life by getting timely away) Seized his Estate, and Bastardized his Brother, he then, the first time, began to fulfill his Promise, which was to assist the Proudest, and most Ungrateful Man in the World, (with all his Power) against his Enemies, thro' a Vain Consideration of the like Favour from him, to Maintain his ill-gotten Dignities, and keep out the right Owner.

This Alliance contributed very much, by making a Considerable Diversion, to the Future Exploits of our Heroe. Was I to mention every Battle that has been Fought, or Siege that was made, &c. it wou'd swell this beyond the Compass of my Designs; I shall therefore only mention such as occurred to make him famous. In the late War he had various Fortune; sometimes he Beat, and sometimes was Beaten; but in this present he had, as is pretended, better Success, for he generally

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generally got the Better; but yet not so much as was conceived; for he thought every such as was a Man, and an Hedge a Squadron, and very often weary'd his Men in such fruitless Attacks; by this means he used to enlarge the Numbers of the Enemy's Kill'd, by telling the Boughs amongst the Bodies: This not only deceived himself, but others, who expected (according to his repeated Declarations) to have heard from him at *Paris*. But some Obstacle or other always prevented, which made a great many Judicious People begin to think that his Victories was Visionary, else he wou'd have made good his Promise and their Expectations; or that they should have felt the Consequences of such Success, by the lessening of their Taxes, or Conclusion of a *Peace*; for otherwise it signified nothing to be Victorious.

If the Reader accuse me of partiality, in not mentioning (to his Honour) the two Famous Actions of *Hostetia* and *Turinatia*, it is because I deny his having Contributed to the Former, (it being solely obtain'd by the Valour of the *Albanians*, under the Command of their General *Avaro*) and the uncertain reports that is given of the latter. Some, indeed, says, that he certainly preserved that Place by his own Courage and Valour against a Powerful and Potent Army; but others say, That it is all Illusion, and nothing farther in it then as follows, it seems that on that Day the pretended Victory was obtain'd, there happened to be a Violent Tempest and

Storm, such a one as was never before known in that Country (supposed to be raised by some Infernal Art) however, it was so violent that it blew down several Tents in his Camp (which stood in a Valley) and tumbled down great Stones upon them, and perfectly, by its Violent rapidity, whirl'd small ones at them. This Blustering noise awaked him which he thought, by the Clattering of the Muskets (which the Wind made to strike against one another) the Snapping of the Ropes, the rattling of the Tents (which flew about in a strange manner) together with the sudden Gusts of Wind, and Claps of Thunder and Lightning, made him Immediately conjecture, that he was attack'd by the Enemy's whole Army, and what confirmed him in his Opinion of it, as well as of the Victory, was as follows :

He was no sooner awaked by this Hurrican, but up he Rises, scarce stays to put on any Cloaths, but runs, half Dressed, half Undressed, to oppose the Enemy, and put himself in a Posture of Defence : He had no sooner gotten out of his Tent than he saw a Flash of Lightning, and at the same time receives a blow on his Arm, by a small Stone, which was hurl'd by the Impetuosity of the Wind, which he took to be a Musket-Ball ; (and, indeed it was Feasible enough, the Lightning happening at the same Moment) however, being animated by his wonted Courage and Resolution, he proceeds to give the Necessary Orders in such a Case of extremity, and
draws

draws his Army in Batalia, part of which he causes to advance to Attack a Body of his suppos'd Enemies, being deceiv'd thereto by some of his own Tents flying in the Air, which he took to be the Enemy's Colours, and the Prodigious Dust and Smoak, occasioned by the Wind, he thought to be by the Enemy's March: That part of the Army pursues their Order, and Charges, Manfully, their suppos'd Enemy; and after some Volleys they gain Ground, and being flush'd with this Success, pursue their Enemies to a Wood; after having spent all their Powder there they return to their Main-Body, with all the Demonstrations of Joy Imaginable for their Victory: It seems the Wind had blown their Tents thither, and there had fix'd them upon the Trees; neither was the other part of the Army unactive, for they received every Gust of Wind as a Volley of Shot from the Enemy, and return'd it in like Manner. This Confusion continued till dark, when the Retreat was sounded, Immediately after which the Wind ceased, and there was a perfect Calm. Notwithstanding he kept good Outgards, and the Men lay on their Arms all Night, for fear of being surpriz'd, when Day appeared, he drew his Men into Order, and March'd into the Field, to take a List of the Enemy's Kill'd, and their own; but coming thither to his great surprize, he only saw 700 of his own Men Kill'd and Wounded, and not one of the Enemy's: However, he believed that their Numbers was

was great, and they to conceal the Loss, had Stolen them away in the Night, therefore he made great Rejoycing, and caused his Cannon and Small-Arms to be thrice Discharg'd, and attended with the Huzza's of his whole Army.

This Victory, to those that believed it, gain'd him a great Repute; but others who Judge of Things by the Event, a Peace not ensuing, nor no other appearance of Advantage to those that Contributed most towards the gaining of it, I suppose might be the Foundation of this Report.

C H A P. VI.

His Journey to Albania; with his Speech to the Empress; and how the Comptroller of the Finances prevented his bewitching her; with her Answer to his Speech.

IT Happened (according to *Heccat's* Prediction) that the *Empress* of *Albania* perceiving those on whom she had conferred great Favours, and Trusts to grow Ungrateful and Insolent, even to herself, and to pervert the use of the great Power she had given them, (which she design'd for the Preservation) to the Destruction of her People, she resolves therefore to Discard those *Tax-Masters,*

Masters, whose Impudence was grown to such a height, that they pretended as good an Hereditary Right to the places they Possessed, by her Favour, as she had to the Crown of her Ancestors: Nay, and dar'd to tell her to her Face, that they held them by the same Power, she held her Crown; and wou'd have disputed their Right, had not the greatest part of the Nation come to Her Assistance, by which means she dispossest them, and placed in their steads such as were both Faithful to her Person and their Country. Nevertheless, the others had provided against a Storm, by amassing together vast Sums of Money, which they had purloined from the Publick, when in Office; and by the Assistance of which they kept up a Party here, as well as by Sacrificing their Country's Interest to the *Belgyans*; they had obtained an other there, but their Domestick Friends being much Inferiour to those who were for the Empress and Publick Good, (and those *Cow-bearded*, not daring to avow their Designs, or even to appear in their proper Shapes and Colours, for fear of the Fury of the Mob, (to avoid which, they disguised themselves mostly with Cloaks and Broad-Brim'd Hats, to hide their Faces and Shapes,) therefore, they resolved to Strengthen their Interest, by entring into a private League with Prince *Bonenetto*; and for the greater Secrecy (as well as to do them Service by his Personal Intercession with the Empress, or by some Art that he might have

have attained from his Mother) resolved to Invite him hither, assuring him, at the same time, they wou'd prepare the People to give him a kind Reception, and if he Effectuated their Desires, by restoring them to their Power, they wou'd (Maugre all the Complaints, or Petitions, of the Oppressed People) not cease the War till they had effected his Demands, however so unreasonable they were.

This brought Prince *Bonenetto* to *Albania*, where he was not received with that Applause they expected, for tho' there were great Numbers of People that Daily went to see him, it was more out of Curiosity than Affection, nevertheless they pursu'd their Designs, and held frequent Cabals with his Highness upon the then present Posture of Affairs. There was a Committee of them appointed to consider what was fit by him to be propos'd to the Empress at his first Audience, which being sat, they made the following Resolutions:

Resolved, That a *German* Prince shall take Precedence of an *Albanian* Monarch, but not of a Protector or General for Life.

Resolved, That it is the Opinion of this Committee, that he ought to act at his Audience conformable to the first Resolution: In Order thereto he ought to behave himself in such a Manner, and appear in such a Dress as might intimate he rather came to give Honour to that Monarch than receive any.

Resolved,

Resolved, That a Pair of Jack-Boots, a colour'd Neckcloth, dusty Cloaths, foul Linnen, and a Whig unkem'd, are very suitable Apparel for that Occasion.

He conforms himself, for a while, according to these Resolutions, but finding himself deny'd Admittance to any of her Ministers in that Dress, and to get nothing but Sights for his haughty Looks, he was forc'd to change his Garb and Manners, and to be doubly Respectful to make Atonement for the Disrespect he had used before.

This at last gain'd him an Audience of the Empress, to whom, having paid the accustomed Ceremonies, he accosts in this Manner :

Madam,

I Cannot but Congratulate my self upon the Honour of Appearing before so Great a Monarch as you the Great Empress of Albania, One whose Goodness is as great as her Power, and her Liberality as extensive as her Dominions ; One who has broken the Fetters that were prepar'd for the Enslaving of Europe, and set those that were in Captivity free ; One whose Hands held the Crown upon the Head of the Roman Emperour when it was in most imminent Danger, and vanquished those who made that bold Attempt ; One by whose Interest the

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present Emperour, my Master, now holds the German Scepter, and whose Arms protects him. From him (Madam) I am sent to pay his grateful Acknowledgements of your Goodness, and most earnestly to request you to continue for him the good Offices you have already begun, until you have accomplished the Ruin of all those whom my Master delights to destroy.

Can any Thing be more Glorious to your Majesty, than to see that Monarch flourish who is the Workmanship of your own Power, and the more Potent you make him, the more Glorious you make your self, in that you are the Foundation of his Greatness.

Pursue then, by your Arms, the Advantage that you have already gained, until you have entirely reduc'd the whole Spanish Monarchy to his Obedience. As that Enterprize is in it self certainly Great and Glorious, it would, in some measure rob you of Honour in Assisting you to reduce that which your own Power alone is sufficient to do. But if your Majesty's other Affairs will not permit you, at present, to spare so much as will be necessary for its Reduction, upon your Supplying but Three Parts of the Charge, my Master will generously contribute the Fourth, upon this Condition, that he shall have the Application of the Whole.

What if the Emperour, my Master, gets the Advantage of your Conquests, your Majesty gains Honour, which of itself is a sufficient Reward to any but those mean-spirited Wretches, who regard nothing but Self-Interest.

Will

Will it not be Glorious for your Majesty to see one wear so many Crowns, obtain'd by your Power, and to have your Image in the Pockets of every German Soldier. As these great Exploits will be recorded in History, so future Ages will look upon you as another Cæsar, whose Conquest have extended over all those Places where your Coin has been Current.

I shall only once more recommend to your Majesty's serious Consideration what I have here propos'd; hoping, that then you will retract the Steps you have now taken, by Restoring the late General to his former Command of your Arms, and the late Ministry to the Management of your Affairs; which, tho' it should be the inevitable Ruin of your Subjects, that would be allay'd by the Honour and Esteem you would gain in all the Courts of your Allies.

His Descent was not unknown to the Comptroller of the Finances, who had observ'd, that during a Conference with him, (before his Audience) he made strange Motions with his Body, sometimes Crossing his Legs, and other Times Spreading his Arms; he also observed, when he did not speak, his Lips continually to be in Motion, and to mumble inwardly to himself, he therefore wisely conjectured he might be possessed with some of his Mother's Infernal Art, so makes Preparation against its Effect, and hearing that *Wiggen-Wood* was an Antidote against *Witchcraft*, he (before the Prince's Audience) prepares himself a White Wand

of it, the End whereof, during the Time of his Highness's Speech, stood upon the Bottom of the Empress's Train which lay upon the Ground, and by that Means prevented any Mischief that he might have design'd by the Power of that Art.

People variously censured this Speech as they were diversely affected; some said that it was very Wise and Elegant; others, that it was impudent and insolent; and some, that if he handled his Arms no better than his Tongue, he would scarce kill a Sparrow at the Nuzzle-End of his Musket, nevertheless it was thought convenient to give him an Answer to his Speech, which was to this Effect;

That the Empress was pleas'd with the Gratitude that he express'd in his Master's Name, but had rather he would shew it by his Actions. And as to his Proposal of Her Majesty's Conquering *Spain* for him, or being at Three Parts of the Charge of such a Conquest,— She thinks he must have a strange Opinion of her Prudence and Management, by his calling those *Miserly Wretches* that should dissent from such an Undertaking; neither will what he has offer'd justify her Conduct to her Subjects, when she shall lay before them such a foolish Proposal.— And as to the Services she has done the Emperour, she would have him to make good Use of them, and does not grudge them, but had rather have her Coin continue

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tinue in her Subjects Pockets than to be in those of the *German Soldiers*. And lastly, as to his Advice of Regaining the Esteem of her *Allies* by Restoring the late *General and Ministry*, she thinks fit to tell him, That she values her Subjects Interest much beyond their Esteem; and that when she has a Mind to Resign her Crown, and Ruin her Subjects, she will then take his Advice, and not till then.

C H A P. VII.

How he was disappointed of Eating of Custard: With my Lord M——r's Letter to him.

THE Answer he receiv'd to his Speech was immediately communicated to the *Junto*, whom, as well as himself, it made very Chagrine: However, they did not fail to comfort him up who was the Staff of their Councils as well as their Hopes, they perswaded him to persevere in Obstinacy, and not to joyn by any Means in the Measures that were now taken for the Tranquillity of *Europe*: That the Number of their Friends was not contemptible, and that an Opportunity might happen: The Empress was not Immortal, and if that should come to pass, he was not Ignorant what Interest they

they might have with what they call'd the Legal Successor. Neither was some of the Chief Men of a Great City backward in Paying that Respect to him, that was not consistent with their Duty to their Sovereign, they intreated him to drown his Sorrow in a Bowl of Punch, which they would prepare for him in the City such a Day, with a Desert of Cheescakes and Custards, if he would honour *them* with his Company, which he promis'd to do: They made great Preparations for his Entertianment, such as were never known before in that Place. The Numbers of Puddings, Pyes, Cheescakes, Custards, Tarts, &c. were prodigious; neither was the Slaughter small which fell amongst Oxen, Calves, Sheep, Deer, &c. The Poultry suffer'd the same Fate, and there were all Sorts of Wild Fowl, neither was any Thing wanting to make a sumptuous Collation: Their Zeal to do him Honour made them forget all Respect due to their Empress, whose Leave they forgot to ask till the very Day the Feast was to be, and then sent to her in such a Manner as deserv'd a more severe Answer than what they received, however that was such, as baulk'd their Expectations and spoil'd their Show: The Confusion of them was attended with the Confusion of every one, and every Thing about them; the Plates lay the wrong Side upward, and the Knives were laid left-handed; the Salt was spilt, and the Vinegar Cruits were broken upon

upon the Table; the Napkins were thrown at random, and the Chairs and Stoles tumbled over one another: The Cooks Scolded, and the Buttlr had let out a Hogshhead of *Wine*; but what was worse, the *Pudding* was Dough the *Pies* Burnt, and some of the *Custard* Walls being fallen, the *Custard* had spread all over the Oven, and annexed itself to every Thing; so that all things being thus joyned together made a sort of a *Pudding-Pye-Custard*: The *Meat* was rotten Roasted, and every thing in general was out of Order: There was nothing but Discontent amongst them, only the Servants were Merry, because they fair'd the better for this Disappointment. His Highness, according to his Promise, had made himself ready, and was come as far as the Gate of the City, expecting, every Moment, the Burghers and Burgomasters to have Ushered him In, in that Pomp that was suitable to the Resolutions that were formerly taken, at last came the Ld. M——y's *Sword-Bearer* with the following Letter to his Highness.

S I R,

W E design'd, as I'm a Sinner,

To Invite you to Dinner;

And to the Queen sent,

Importing our Intent,

Desiring Her Consents:

But

But mark what came to pass,
 Our Bearer was an Ass,
 And back again was sent,
 As Wise as first he went :
 And now to tell a Lye, Sir,
 I see no Reason why, Sir,
 Believe us, pray, therefore,
 It grieved us all full sore,
 To be so basely baulk'd,
 When we had so often Talk'd,
 You'd come into the City,
 To bear the Grave and Witty,
 And see the Ladies Pretty.
 In Order to your coming,
 The Drummers went to Drumming,
 The Scrapers did prepare
 To meet you with an Air ;
 And I, Sir, in my Course,
 Had Saddled my Great-Horse :

The

The Confectioners, Bakers,
And Ginger-Bread Makers,
The Roast and Boyling-Cooks,
With Nasty greasy Looks,
To Work all went in haste,
With the Raisers too of Paste,
To prepare for your Highness
A Banquet, for it's Fineness,
To exceed what er'e was known
Before in this great Town:
They made a mighty pother,
Confounding one another;
The Baker first began
To Swear he was th' best Man,
And yet had stay'd an Hour
For a Handfull of Flower;
The Buttlr then reply'd,
And told him that he Ly'd,

For he had not yet been come
 Above an Hour from Home,
 Then the Boiling-Cook began
 To Swear. The Sculion ran
 To get out of the Strife,
 For fear of his great Knife.
 Now, Sir, I make Confession,
 I've made too long Digression,
 In telling of the Squabble
 Committed by this Rabble,
 Therefore we'll now proceed
 On what we was to Feed:
 There was Boil'd Beef, and Roast,
 In the Gravey dipt was Toast,
 And Roast Veal and Mutton,
 As good as er'e was Cut on,
 With Partridges and Pheasant,
 And all Fowl that were Pleasant;

There

There were all Sorts of Fish,
Rich Sawces in each Dish ;
And, if the Baker tells not Lyes,
There were an Hundred Pies,
With Cheese-Cakes and Custard,
And Tripe-Pies, made with Mustards
There also was Plumb-Pudding,
And others made with Blood in ;
Likewise Sweet-Meats and Tarts,
To make up the Deserts :
There was Claret and White-Wine,
With Burgundy, all right Wine,
And of every thing in Plenty,
Enough for to Content ye ;
But now here lies the Pitty,
Of this my dolefully Ditty,
To have Spoil'd so much Meat,
For want of being Eat ;

But since it's their Command,
 Whom we cannot withstand,
 That you must not with us Feed,
 Take the Will for the Deed.

When he had read this, he saw from whence his Disappointment came, so return'd to his House as Melancholly as when he received his Answer to his Speech. His Friends, as usual reported to him, Cheared him up in the best manner their present Circumstances wou'd permit them, and, lest he shou'd too much afflict himself in their Absence, or when he shou'd Repose himself, each sent his Mistress, by turns, for a Concubine for him to Divert himself withal.

C H A P. VIII.

The Designs of the Belgians: With some Reasons to believe the Death of the Galican King.

HIS Disappointments in *Albania* occasion'd his speedier Return from thence than he at first design'd; but after that he meets with such Civility in *Belgia* as did

did not a little comfort him. The *Belgians* retain'd so great an Opinion of his *Knight-Errantry*, that they made him Commander in Chief of their Forces against the *Galicans*, with whom they were then engaged in War. The *Albanians* had been in Confederacy with the *Belgians*, and had by its Power preserv'd them from the *Galicans*, when they were at the very Point of Destruction, but the *Belgians* having by the Assistance of its Confederate aforesaid, not only preserved itself, but also obtain'd vast Advantages, and Acquisitions of Power and Dominion, began then to conceive Hopes, not only of Subduing and Conquering the *Galicans*, but also, by the Assistance of the Junto, or Cabal in *Albania*, to reduce that Empire into an Eighth Province of that State.

The Empress at last perceived their Designs, and was resolv'd to prevent the ill Effects thereof, by Disarming those of their Power who were in that Conspiracy; no sooner was her Resolution known to the *Belgians*, but they use all the Endeavours they were able to prevent it: They send Memorials and Protestations of their Love and Affection to her and her Empire, and of the Danger that might accrue to her and them, if she changed those of her Servants whom they so much esteem'd, and who had shewn so remarkable a Hatred to the *Galicans*, and love to their Republick; they not only did this themselves, but also encourag'd

encourag'd several of her People to do the like, particularly a Burgo-Master of the City, famous for his great Wit and Address, who had the Confidence, from the Opinion he had of his own Merit, and that of his Brethren, to tell her, that the City would lend her no more Money, if she pursu'd the Measures she had begun; but all to no Purpose, for she saw thro' their Designs, and told them, *That she had perform'd her Promise to them, by Securing them against all the Danger of the Galicans, and Obtaining them large Conquests, therefore, having now gain'd the Ends for which she first engaged, she thought it high Time to put a Stop to the Effusion of Christian Blood, and doubted not but their Gratitude to her, for the Services she had done them, would induce them to joyn with her in the Measures that was taken for the Repose of Europe.* Nevertheless, they resolv'd to reject her Proposals, and persevere in their ambitious Designs; and notwithstanding they had but just before urg'd, to the Empress, their Inability to raise 5000 Men more upon an extraordinary Occasion. When they found she was resolute in her pious Designs of giving a happy Peace to her People, they then declare, That they are able to carry on the War without her, and accordingly take in their Pay 50000 of her Mercenaries, over which, as well as of the rest of their Forces, Prince Bonenetto is made General, and accordingly puts himself at the Head of them,

them, in Order to act against the Enemy:
 The first of his Exploits was the Taking of
 a Place call'd *Cob-Castle*. It happen'd also
 a little before this Time that the Death of the
Galican King was industriously spread over all
Belgia and *Albania*, whose Care for his People
 it seems did not terminate with his sup-
 pos'd Death; for after the Taking of the
 aforesaid *Cob-Castle*, his Highness set down
 with his Army before another *Galican*
 Town call'd *Bicoque*, where he had scarce
 form'd the Siege of that Place, when Part
 of his Army being attack'd by that of his
 Enemy's, he immediately marches with his
 main Body to their Assistance, and was no
 sooner ascended upon some high Grounds,
 over which he was to march, but he was
 surrounded with a large black Cloud,
 which occasioned such a Darknes, that
 they could not see one another. It at
 last began to appear blew and fiery,
 and immediately after that he sees the
 ghastly Sight of the *Galican King's*
 Ghost, who stood with a drawn Sword
 in his Hand, and his Mouth full of
 Reproaches, to prevent his Relieving
 them. The Sight whereof not only
 frustrated his Design, but made him
 leave *Bicoque*, and fly above Twenty
 Miles to hide his Head, the Conse-
 quence of which Victory unravelled all
 the Designs of the *Belgians*, as well
 as it makes good the Title of my
 Book, *That He is not the Man you*
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took him for, he being, according to the Belief of many, frightened at the Shadow of an Old Man, a meer Spectre or Phantom.

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